

Absolute

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Absolute

**\*\*Absolute\*\***

**\*\*Chapter 1\*\***

"My orders are absolute, Kotaro." Her red eyes stared directly at his brown ones, cynically. She stood in front of him, holding the microphone that was once in his hands, with a supporting smirk. She stepped closer and closer until they were one foot apart, much to the bewilderment of the students and staff who stood and watch their exchange, shockingly. "The only ones allowed to look me in the eye as I speak are those who serve me."

He, Hyoutei's High School division's President stood his ground; not letting this petite, red haired intimidate and rue him. He tried to move but he can't. He was frozen, caught up in her own kingdom of ice.

"No one who opposes me is allowed to look down on me." She stepped on more step closer; her eyes closed, hand placed on one of his shoulders. Gasps were heard from the crowd of High School students, never have they seen anyone silence the oh-so-great, Yamazuki Kotaroâ€"more importantly by a female.

Her eyes opened, heterochromatic eyes now stared deeply and torturously at his. She moved past him, hand still on his shoulder; he was frozen in place more than what he was feeling earlier, beads of sweat moving down from his face. He did not know why but the weight of her hand on his shoulder felt like being crushed by a brick wall, just wanting him to be crushed.

"Know your place."

He fell on his knees unable to move any further. Tears threatening to spill from his eyes.

Silence.

The female first year student went on the podium, a confident smile placed on her face as she looked around her, not caring of what trauma she had caused to the kneeling male beside her.

No one in the audience dared to move or stand up, still shocked at what they have witnessedâ€"and probably, afraid of what the female might do to them if they dare to upset her just like how the President did which what got him in this whole thing in the first place.

"Since I always win. I am always right." She said as an ultimatum after a few minutes of silence.

"This is unacceptable! Get down from there, Asakuraâ€" The Vice-Principal of the school stood up from his chair on stage and stalked his way up to the female who disrupted their school's annual opening ceremony and disrespected their student council president.

She let out a small chuckle, lowering her face and bangs covering her eyes. She turned around to face their Vice-Principal; letting go off the microphone. She bit her lower lip while a hand clutching her waist, nails sinking in, frustratingly.

Stepping off the podium, she walked directly to him before reaching inside her skirt's pocket.

As she neared him, her red and golden yellow eyes glared at him, eyebrows furrowed and thin lips directed downwards.

She gripped the item inside her pockets tightly before taking her hand out and pointing the deadly scissors at his face, one step closer and she would've been able to pierce right through the center part of his face, much to her dismay of wanting to really shut him up.

Drawing the scissors back; she started to cut her bangs off, slowly and maniacally. Her eyes still stared at his with a small smirk as she saw his knees wobbling and his structure moving down on the floor. Kneel down, that was what her eyes were saying.

"If you oppose me, I'll kill you."

Strands of red hair fell on the wooden floor as the same time with the Principal who was currently on his knees, just like the the students body president; his expression was the same just like any other who came across her, cold and hopeless.

She let go of the scissors, making a loud thud echoing inside the silent auditorium. She stalked away the stage with a mischievous expression on her face.

"No matter whom you are."

As she left the stage, a huge, muscular male stalked behind her; stoic expression etched on his face, following the red haired freak out of the room.

Reaching the end of the room with eyes trailed on her and the male at her back, she stopped abruptly. She turned around and faced the people, her people, with an air of confidence.

"I am absolute."

And she left.

\* \* \*

><p>"Good morning, Asakura-kaichou!"<p>

Three female sophomores greeted the red haired student body president with a supporting bow as a sign of respect; that's how Asakura's were supposed to be treated, with respect.

The read haired smiled at them with a small nod as she passed by them, her male body guard following in suit; carrying two school bags, his own and hers.

They watched as the petite female walked with grace and finesse; uniform worn nicely, and hair tied neatly. As she walked amongst the students of Hyoutei High School, you would see the people around her moving aside without her needing to tell them and greeting her respectfully as she passes by them.

It's been exactly two years since the auditorium incident, two years since she has claimed ownership of every student, and two years since Hyoutei High School has claimed the title of being undefeated. Under her supervision, Hyoutei High School has never once lost. Ever. Not even once in the past two years. For her winning is everything in this world. The victors write history. The losers are wiped from it. Asakura Suiren has never lost to anything before and she never will.

Her orders were absolute and were to be always followed without question and restraint. No one is allowed to oppose her, not matter who you are.

No one liked her, they never did but they followed her for one reason and one reason only, they feared her. They feared of who she was and what she is capable of doing. They followed her out fear, not respect and they all knew that. She knew that.

Being an Asakura means being an epitome of perfection.

Asakura's will always be on top\_. They always are and they always will be. They were raised to be number one in everything they do; no matter what it was, everything they do must be done in perfection.

Asakura's are always right. They are always right and therefore they always win; winning for them is everything, the only thing you should achieve is to be victoriousâ€"nothing more and nothing less. Winning for them is oxygen, it happens naturally. Asakura's just

don't lose. It's impossible.

\_Asakura's were to be followed, not to follow.\_ They were born leaders to lead others. People were to follow them, with no question and with no restraint. Defy them and they will kill you. You will remain a prisoner under them until they break you, and you have no other option than to submit to them.

\_Lastly, Asakura's orders are absolute. \_

"This will be an interesting year, won't it Ryouta?" She said with a small smile played on her lips as she stared at her dominion, the whole school at the roof top where she usually stayed other than the student council room or the \_shogi\_ club room. She sat on the railing of the roof top, legs dangling on the fence, hands gripping at the sides of it, and her trusty assistant at her back making sure she does not fall.

The male at her back, both of his hands stretched up to her waist, securing her in place. His glasses glinting as the light made contact with it, eyes scrunching a bit.

"It will be like how it has always been, Suiren."

She had an amused smirk as she gazed at the students walking, some running around the school grounds as they meet again after the long, tantalizing summer vacation. Her eyes stopped at the tennis courts, where they had morning practice like they always had.

"\_Hnn\_, will it?"

Tennis was the pride and joy of their school, middle school and high school alike. They were the best, prejudice and bias aside. They won every match and gave no mercy to any of their opponents, just like how she likes it; no mercy.

She then stared at the regulars in particular who were lined up in front of the tennis court door. The current captain of the said club, Kawasumi Atohira looked a bit frantic as he talked to his subordinates.

She unconsciously frowned at the scene she was seeing. She was not well acquainted with the current captain but it was not a secret that he was airy and a bit egotistic, not that it mattered since that's how everyone in Hyoutei was.

"Ryouta, get me down. Let's pay Atohira a visit."

The male behind her man-handled her and brought her down to her feet on the roof top.

She padded her skirt, dusting the dirt on her school skirt before walking to the roof top door.

She stopped walking down the stairway, noticing the lack of companionship. She turned around and saw Ryouta's back, staring at the scene she was looking at earlier.

She gave a minuscule frown.

"What's wrong, Ryoua?"

He then turned around and looked at her, directlyâ€”something she did not really like. Her eyebrow raised.

"What are you going to talk about to, Kawasumi-san?"

She sighed at her companion who was a big worrywart and the only person who can scold her can get away with it.

She didn't have a soft side for him, no, far from it. It wasn't that. She pitied him. She pitied him for holding back from what he can achieve as a person. She pitied him from being kindâ€”\_too\_ kind for her liking.

"I will congratulate, Atohira for his captaincy."

Silence.

She stepped forward to him, walking back up the stairs, calmly.

"I promise. That is all I wish to do."

As she reached him, she cupped his face with her hand, gripping his chin making him look at her. She never liked people looking her in the eye or looking down on her.

She gave a small smile and gazed at his eyes, he was frozen under her touch, although, his face remained stoic.

"Don't you trust me, Ryoua?" She said softly, caressing his cheek before letting go of his face, slowly. She kept her gaze to his eyes and broke it once she turned around and walked down again.

He was left there staring at her back like how he always does; her figure turning smaller and smaller as she continues her way until she is gone from his sight.

He puts his hand on the place where her cold, small hands were once at.

He closed the door behind him and followed her, like always and said to no one in particular, answering her unanswered question.

"No."

\* \* \*

><p>"*Ahn*", give Ore-sama one good reason why Ore-sama shouldn't be captain." He said with a matching flick of his purple-blavk hair as he spoke with the tall, brown haired man dressed in the regular school tennis uniform. He spoke to the captain full of confidenceâ€”not that the people present while they had their conversation were surprised. It was not uncommon to not know how narcissistic \_Atobe\_ was, most of Hyoutei students were but he had to be the best at this whole, love-yourself thing. He was an Atobe after all, and that alone is something to be prideful of.

"You're a first year, Atobe." The black haired, captain sighed. He scratched the back of his haired, eyes clenched, and his racket

tapping on his shoulders with his right hand, repeatedly; showing how impatient he was.

"Do you really think your upperclassmen will follow you, as captain?" He asked Atobe even if he knew what that flamboyant guy was going to reply.

"Such trivial reasoning, Kawasumi." Atobe answered indirectly as if it were the most obvious thing in the world. He stared his captain down just like how he did three years ago when they were in middle school but this time, Atobe and Kawasumi were at the same height unlike before, Atobe was tiny. "And those plebeians will follow Ore-sama and they will bask in Ore-sama's glory."

The onlookers of the conversation were shaking their hairieds at what Atobe had said; only Atobe can sound this big-haireded and no one will ask what's wrong with him. They pitied the captain knowing how persistent Atobe can be when he wants somethingâ€"he gets it, obviously.

The black haired being attacked was looking at his underclassman in disbelief. The current Atobe had to be worse than the Atobe three years ago, he couldn't phantom how airy this guy got. He wasn't even as egotistic as him!

"Then, give me one good reason why you should be captain."

"Why?" Atobe replied, eyebrow raised up with a small frown. "Because Ore-sama is Ore-sama, after all."

"Atobe," Kawasumi started, taking a deep breathe before continuing. "you're attitude is exactly why you can't be captainâ€"

"Says who? Ore-sama's attitude is fresh." Atobe cut him off whilst snapping his finger as he called for his trusty and loyal friend who accompanied him even though he had classes on his own, being in third year middle school and all. "Na, Kabaji?"

"Usu." The tall, muscular, silent male behind Atobe said. Kabaji held Atobe's school bag and tennis bag as well as his own.

"Atobeâ€"

She has been watching the scene in front of her with a frown. She hated conflict which did not include her, it bored her seeing people fight, verbally. She decided to step up and inquire what was wrong seeing that the usually calm Atohira was madâ€"no, he was fuming at the first year in front of him who had a few other first years with him dressed in the same regular tennis outfit their school had.

"Is there something wrong, Atohira?" She cut in the conversation, curiosity etched on her face but to those who don't know her merely thought it was a look of concern.

She placed her hand on her waist as she assessed the situation, it would be troublesome for the male tennis club if there were conflictâ€"it would hurdle the win for the school's undefeated record, an idea she did not look up to. And as president, she had to change that, not matter what.

Kawasumi looked at the read haired that suddenly appeared, but not directly. No one dared to look her in the eye ever since what happened during their first year. "Ah, Asakura-Kaichou, no, nothing that you should trouble yourself with."

"\_Hm\_," Her frown deepened and she hummed in annoyance. If there was something else that she did not like then it had to be when people refuse to tell her what she wants to know. She's an Asakura, and as an Asakura, she'll get what she wants. "You are part of this school, are you not?"

"Yes, butâ€" "

She noticed how he won't look at her and smirked, internally. She could also feel the gaze by the other people who were present, she did not like how they had the nerve to stare down at her but for now, she would let it go they were after all, new to her; she just had to teach them where they truly belong.

"Then, as President, I should concern myself with the troubles of my people." She played the president card, placing the hand once on her waist to her heart as if to say she was doing this out of the non-existent kindness of her heart. She also changed her hard cold expression to a softer one so that he wouldn't be intimidated by her, too much. "Well, let me ask again. Is there something wrong, Atohira?"

"This guy hereâ€" " Kawasumi pointed his finger at the male beside him who looked at Asakura with curiosity as if he had seen her somewhere.

Atobe decided to cut in, hating being talked in third person as if he was not present. He does not like being talked about and being referred to as someone who is not of importance. "Ore-sama wants to be captain but Kawasumi here won't letâ€" "

Asakura frowned at how he was looking at herâ€"really looking at her red and yellow eyes as he began to ramble about his petty problem like a spoiled child. She was about to open her mouth and educate him but was stopped by the male, Ryouta who looked at her and squeezed her shoulder as if to stop her from making a scene. Typical, nice Ryouta, never letting her have her fun.

She shrugged his hand off by putting her own hand on top of his and pushing it down so it would stay on his own side before taking her hand out of his.

She looked at Atobe with a supporting sigh from the hairedache she was beginning to get from his useless talking. "Please address your upperclassman with respect."

"And who do you think you are to tell Ore-sama what to doâ€" " His eyebrows furrowed. No one tells him what to do. That was something he does, not the other way around. It doesn't matter if she is a girl or if she is the presidentâ€"no one gets away from telling the Atobe Keigo off.

His fellow first year stepped forward between the two students.

"Please, excuse, Keigo's disrespectfulness." He gave the read haired female a small smile and a curt bow. "Asakura-Kaichou, right?"

"\_Hnn\_." She replied, looking at the blue haired male in front of her. She cited on how close the two first years must be to address each other by their first names; camaraderie was surely present between the two.

"\_Ah\_, yes. Keigo here has a superiority complex, you seeâ€"

"Ore-sama does not."

"â€"and he does not really communicate well with people who are older than him."

"Yuushi, you better stop belittling Ore-sama like this."

Or not.

"For now, I will ignore your incompetence, Atobe-san." She said as she waved her hand off to the two who were still bickering before turning her attention back to the black haired male. "Back to the matter on hand, Atobe-san here, wants to over-rule you as captain. Is that right, Atohira?"

"Yes."

"Ore-sama is capable of being captain more than this guy here."

"You better shut your mouth up, Atobe!"

"Ahn? Ore-samaâ€"

"Is that true, Atohira?" She asked, the glimmer in her eyes changed; what once was filled with pure and utter boredom was replaced with curiosity. "Is Atobe-san's skill in captaincy better than yours?"

"Probably." It took Kawasami a bit time to reply and his reply was filled with a twinge of annoyance and jealousy. He knew that Atobe had skills that matched or maybe were far greater than his but she didn't need to know that and he won't admit it himself either. "Butâ€"

"If, Atobe-san here becomes captain. Will he ensure the victory of our school's tennis team?"

When she asked him this follow up question, he knew what she was planning. He didn't know all of it because no one really knew what Asakura Suiren was capable of thinking but he knew what she was getting into. He knew how much the girl craved for victory. That's the only thing in her mind.

His mind was caught up and he was not able to answer to her question as quickly as she'd want the answer.

"I asked you a question, did I not, Atohira?"



"Yes. However, Asakura" "

"If you are able to prove to me that you are capable of leading the tennis team to victory then I will re-think the proposition of you being captain." She said monotonously as she gave a nod to both Atohira and Atobe.

She took note of the silence that indulged the once rowdy aura of the noisy tennis players. She kept on blinking and thinking if it was what she said. She didn't think nor did she care what the others would think of her statement. She didn't think nor did she care of who the the captain would be, she really didn't. What she did care about was who would ensure Hyoutei High School's victory and who would fail her. She needn't care about how the others would feel about her decision. Her orders were always right. Her orders were absolute.

"I'll be taking my leave." With that she turned around, the male behind her followed suit as they stalked out of the tennis courts. "The opening ceremony will start in ten minutes; make sure that none of you are late. Excuse me."

"You can't decide what'll happen to the tennis team, Asakura! You might be the president but you aren't the captain!" One of the male regulars said followed by a few positive response and cheers from his teammates, who refused to be captained by a pompous first year boy, my, this would be a problem. "The captain and the coach are the only ones who can make that decision."

"Is that all I need to do then?" She looked back and replied with a deadpanned voice. "Talk to Akashi-sensei?"

"Huh?" The male regular looked at her in disbelief as if to say that was the only thing you undereood from what I said?

"If I want Atobe-san to become captain all I have to do is talk to your coach?" She stated again, looking at him in the eyes.

"Y-yes, but" "

"Ishi!" Kawasumi said his voice authoritative. "Just drop it."

"Tch." Ishi clenched his hands and looked downwards. It was unfair for his captain and for the regulars who worked hard for their place in the tennis club. It was unfair how she decided everything, again. It was unfair how she gets away with everything.

"I don't know what you have in mind, Asakura-Kaichou." Kawasumi was nkt stupid and Asakura gave him that. He knew that she; the student body president won't be making these sorts of deals if she didn't have anything in mind. She only wants what's best for their school and that best that she wants and that she can give is the promise that under her supervision Hyoutei High School will remain victorious and undefeated. But even with that thought he still had his sense of pride and dignity, he won't be giving his captain title that easily. If Atobe were to prove his worth then he too will prove that he deserves to be there in the place he is now. "However, if Atobe-san here does prove within the month that he is a better captain than me

then I will give him my my position as captain and quit the tennis club, altogether."

Negative comments were thrown by the regulars of the tennis club as they looked at their captain, some with fear while some with amazement; oh how brave and honorable their captain was.

"Ehh?"

"Captain!"

"You can't do that!"

"Atohira!"

"But," Atohira said but this time with a small smile as he looked at his club members with pride. His gaze landed on Atobe who looked back at him with the same level of passion as if he were accepting the unspoken challenge. "if he does not fit your expectations, then he will remain in the club under my care."

"You're very confident aren't you, Atohira? You're putting yourself in a very tight situation here. I hope you're ready for the consequence that will come your way if you fail." She smirked at his foolish act of bravery but commended him for being strong for his team. She knew that if Atobe were to be captain, problems from the current regulars would arise but he noticed that they were similar in a way, wanting to rule and be on top. He'll get by and earn the respect from the current members, not now that is but he will, soon. She gave a small sigh. "Very well. Do what you must."

She began her trip towards the auditorium, massaging her forehead from the idiocy, interesting idiocy she had just witnessed.

Ryouta was now walking beside her, watching her from the corner of his eye. He wants to tell her off on how she shouldn't meddle with the affairs of others but remembered how none of his talks seemed to get through her very, very, very thick skull.

They were walking until a hand abruptly caught her shoulder making her tug a bit backward.

She frowned as she lowered her hair, her bangs covering half of her face. She hates people holding her. She hates it.

"Oi, you." The pompous purple-black haired man said to her as he spun her around. He looked at her but she refused to look into his eyes. He noticed how she bit her lip, her lips quivering as if she wants to shout at him. "What's your name?"

"Let me tell you something, Keigo." In a swift movement, his hand was returned to his side and she had both of her hands on his shoulder. Her eyes now shone as she looked at Atobe's eyes.

"The only ones allowed to look me in the eyes as I speak are those that serve me."

He did not know what was happening. He tried to loon away from her eyes but he couldn't. He was frozen, he couldn't move. He felt one of

her hand leave his shoulder and they crawled up to his chin, her finger held his chin as he felt his knees wobble.

"If you oppose me, I will kill you."

Pathetic, he thinks. How could he let a girl do this to him? "do what exactly? He did not know but all he knew is that he had to look away from her, from her eyes.

She smiled at him but it was not sweet. She stared at him, as his soul.

"No matter whom you are."

He fell to his knees. Her hand still on his shoulder; her hands felt like a thousand kilos being placed on him, torturously wanting him to fall down. He wasn't like this. No, he, the Atobe Keigo bowing down to this girly peasant who dared touch him and speak to him in a plebeian manner. No. This was not him. He is Atobe. And as an Atobe he will get his revenge.

She moved closer to him until her lips were near his ear.

"Know your place."

\* \* \*

><p>Walking to the stadium where the ceremony will start, Ryouta looked at the female in front of him who held her hair up and walked towards the door of the auditorium swiftly but with poise.<p>

He remembered the first time he met her, during first year; the little stunt she did made him interested in her, that's why up till now he followed her around like a puppy. Suiren wasn't nice, not at all. Not even one bit but she was never bad either? "sort of. She's just rude" based on what he has seen and experienced "to people who don't follow her or to people who piss her off, so mostly everyone. Even though, he just found her interesting, interesting enough to follow her around every time. Some said he loved her, he would've laughed at them but he didn't. He couldn't love her. Loving her, no one is capable of doing that. She's just someone you can't and won't fall in love with. He knows that. She knows that. And it was okay.

He paused when he saw her stop. She didn't even need to turn around to know that he was a bit troubled.

"Why are you smiling, Ryouta?" She asked him, her voice monotonous.

He changed his expression from a small smile to his usual stoic one. He looked forward and pushed her a bit as if to say 'keep walking' and she did.

"It seems that this year will be interesting." He said once they entered the huge room, his low voice echoing inside it; their steps and breathing were the only ones heard.

Nearing the stage with a podium on the middle, he stopped and watched

her walk up the stairs, slowly, hands on the railing, touching the floral decorations on her way up. He watched as her long red hair swayed behind her left to right. She turned to look at him for a bit, her heterochromatic eyes staring at his dark brown ones.

"Of course, I did say that earlier, didn't I?"

She walked up to the podium a smirk on her face.

"I am always right."

Stepping on the podium with an air of confidence surrounding her, both of her hands placed on either side of the wooden structure she was standing on, her eyes closed as if she were taking in the scenery in front of her, she was in her zone"at her best.

Opening her eyes, her serene expression now replaced with a devious one.

"I am absolute."

\* \* \*

><p><strong>AN: Hi, so this is my shitty attempt to write a fanfiction! Hope ya'll sort of liked it!\*\*

\*\*To those of you who are wondering, yes, Asakura's character is based on Akashi Seijuro from Kuroko no Basuke. I love Akashi so much and I wanted to base a character on him so I mind my lovely Suiren!\*\*

\*\*I DID NOT EDIT THIS BECAUSE I AM A LAZY PIECE OF SHIT! I need a beta (if anyone wants to huhu please help me)\*\*

\*\*Rate and review!\*\*

End  
file.